

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SEPTEMBER
NO. 2

Starring
THE
Firebrand
• NEW •
SENSATIONAL
Different!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOYS! GIRLS!

SO EASY TO GET EXCITING THINGS

FREE

WITH GUARANTEE SEALS FROM
THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
AND RICE "SPARKIES"



Yes, you can get any, or all, of these wonderful things by just sending GUARANTEE SEALS, from the package tops of new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice "Sparkies," or LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Illinois. Be sure to put enough postage on your envelope. Tear out the coupon now and send your GUARANTEE SEALS today!



LOOK!

Magic-Secret DETECTO-KIT

Make Secret Messages in Invisible Writing! Detect Fingertips! Make Real Pictures from Old Snapshot Negatives! Learn Many Detecting Secrets!

Big complete outfit consists of Secret Formula S-10, enough to print 144 photos from old negatives of your family, friends and pets, Secret Detecting Instruction Book, Stylus for Secret Writing, Package of Hypo-Fixative. Special printing glass. Set of 4 printing frames (3 different shapes and 1 plain, so you can cut it to suit yourself). Blotting pad. (Be careful not to spill formula S-10 on the rug or it will stain.)

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

"Little Wonder"



FLASHLIGHT

Only 3 in. long, yet casts bright beam a long way. Use it for hiking, night signalling, etc. Colored metal, with silver and black bands, white head.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

MYSTERIOUS MAGNIFYING RING

Heavy gold-color metal with insignia on sides. On the top, a picture of Orphan Annie, and a framed glass that sparkles brightly! And here's the secret! That framed glass swings away from the top and you use it to examine close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Printing, etc. Ring fits you automatically.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 10c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

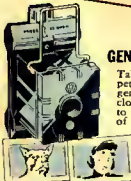


GENUINE UNIVEX SNAPSHOT CAMERA

Takes real pictures of your family, friends, pets, etc., on size 00 Ultrachrome film you get from the drugstore. Takes long shots or close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Easy to use. Just the thing to use in taking pictures of parties, races, down on the beach, etc.

Boys and girls will use it for making picture records of friends, etc.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 25c or 12 Guarantee Seals Alone



3-POWER Leatherette FOCUSING TELESCOPE

Not a toy—but a genuine focusing pocket-size collapsible telescope, with round and polished lenses! Gives 3-power magnification—brings faraway objects closer to you. Barrel covered with rich grain leatherette.



Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 20c or 10 Guarantee Seals Alone

"Sparkies" Give Vitamin Bonus to Boys and Girls

A new wonder process. "Vitamin Rain," actually showers vitamins B₁, B₂, and C on new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice "Sparkies"! With the additional vitamins in your glass of milk and fruit, you thus get almost half your minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G! The vitamins fellows and girls must have to be strong, fast and peppy! So ask your Mother to get "Sparkies" today.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Annie: Please send me the things checked below, for which I enclose..... Guarantee Seals from the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice, or.....Seals and.....in coin

- ☐ Detecto-kit, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ Magnifying Ring, 5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ Univex Camera, 12 Seals (or 2 Seals and 25c)
- ☐ Flashlight, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ Telescope, 10 Seals (or 2 Seals and 20c)

Name.....

Street and No.....

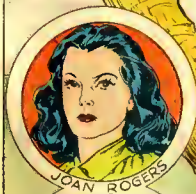
City.....State.....

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The FIREBRAND

THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WHO FIGHTS FOR JUSTICE AS THE FIREBRAND IS NONE OTHER THAN ROD REILLY, A YOUNG MILLIONAIRE... HIS MANSERVANT, SLUGGER, ALONE KNOWS HIS DOUBLE IDENTITY.

By
Reed
Randall



WHEN A SINISTER REVOLT FLARES UP IN THE WEST INDIES, ROD REILLY IS IN MIAMI WITH HIS FIANCEE, JOAN, AND HIS FATHER, EMERALD ED. ROD BECOMES FIREBRAND AND STARTS A ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG AGAINST THE LAWLESS REBELS.



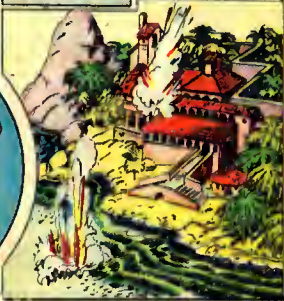
ON THE ISLAND REPUBLIC OF LIBERTAD, THE GRIM HOUR HAS STRUCK. COASTAL FORT GUNS FIRE ON THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.



GENERAL ALFREDO MUERTE LEADS THE ARMY AND POLICE IN REVOLT AGAINST THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT.



INSIDE THE BEAUTIFUL PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, A CHARITY BANQUET IS BEING HELD.



A SHELL BURSTS THROUGH THE PALACE ROOF.



THE REVOLUTION, PRESIDENT! WE MUST FLEE AT ONCE!

RIOTING IMMEDIATELY BREAKS FORTH IN THE STREETS JUST OUTSIDE THE PALACE.



MEANWHILE IN A CAFE, A GROUP OF EUROPEAN REFUGEES, AWAITING U.S. ENTRY PERMITS, DISCUSSES THE MENACE OF THE REVOLUTION.



THE PRESIDENT IS SEIZED BY THE POLICE AS HE TRIES TO FLEE.



YOU DO NOT FEAR THE WRATH OF OUR PEOPLE - H?

THE PEOPLE? BAH! YOU SHALL FACE THE FIRING SQUAD AT DAWN!

LET'S MAKE A BREAK FOR FLORIDA, MAURICE!

DON'T BE A FOOL, PAUL. WE MUST FIRST GET VISAS ON OUR PASS-PORTS.

MAURICE IS RIGHT. WE DARE NOT RISK DEPORTATION FROM THE U.S. TO EUROPE.

STRIKING SWIFTLY, THE POLICE RAID THE CAFE TO ARREST THE INNOCENT REFUGEES.



WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! ONLY COWARDS WOULD SUBMIT TO YOUR FOUL THEORIES!



BUT THE REFUGEES ARE OVERWHELMED.



THESE FOREIGN PESTS WILL GET THE FIRING SQUAD TOO!

MEANWHILE AT THE REILLYS' MIAMI ESTATE, ROD, JOAN AND EMERALD ED LISTEN TO THE RADIO . . .



THOUSANDS ARE BEING KILLED IN THE LIBERTAD REVOLUTION . . . THE NATION'S FATE IS . . .

HOLY BLAZES, ROD. I HAVE MILLIONS INVESTED IN LIBERTAD SUGAR!



BAH! YOUR LOSSES WILL BE TRIVIAL COMPARED WITH THE PEOPLE LOSING THEIR LIBERTY!

ROD'S FIANCEE, JOAN HAS REGRETS TOO. . .



OH DEAR! I SUPPOSE THIS WILL RUIN OUR PLANS FOR THE CRUISE ON YOUR YACHT, ROD!

SLUGGER DRAWS NEAR. . .



PSST! BOSS...C'MERE!

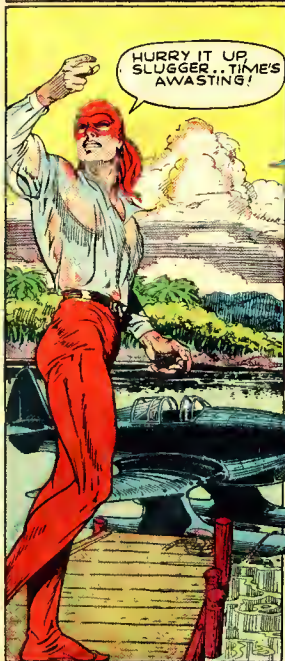
OKAY I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SLUG!

I GOT YER PLANE ALL GASSED UP AND READY. HOW ABOUT GOIN' FIREBRAND?



ER.. WELL, IT'S A BIG ORDER FOR ONE MAN.. TO BUST UP A REVOLUTION! BUT I'LL TAKE A WHACK AT IT.. LET'S GO!!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER ROD APPEARS AS FIREBRAND..



HURRY IT UP SLUGGER..TIME'S AWASTING!

DUSK IS FALLING IT WILL BE DARK BEFORE WE REACH LIBERTAD!



SOON THEY CAN SEE THE FLASH OF SHELL FIRE..



WE'RE HEADING OVER FORT BELLO, TAKE THE CONTROLS! I'M BAILING OUT!

FIREBRAND FLOATS DOWNWARD, HIS DESCENT CONCEALED BY A BLACK PARACHUTE...



HOPE NO SNIPER TAKES A POT SHOT AT ME NOW!

HE LANDS AMID THE REBEL SOLDIERS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE FORT..



BUT AS SLUGGER POWER-DIVES STRAIGHT DOWNWARD, THE SOLDIERS FLEE TO COVER....



FIRE BRAND SMASHES INTO THEM WITH BOTH FISTS..



WHILE THE LUCKIER ONES ESCAPE INTO AN AIRRAID SHELTER..



DIVE BOMBERS! RUN, MIGUEL!

FIREBRAND SEALS THE HIDEOUT.

THIS FIELD-PIECE WILL
HOLD DOWN THE DOOR
AND KEEP 'EM
INSIDE!



A STIFF-
BACKED
SENTRY IS
PACING
OUTSIDE
THE STAFF
HEAD-
QUARTERS.



PARDON ME,
SEÑOR...I
HAVE
SOME-
THING
FOR YOU.



FROM THE
HONEST
CITIZENS OF
LIBERTAD
A SOCK
IN THE
JAW!



FIREBRAND STEPS INSIDE.

KEEP COOL
OFFICERS...OR
YOU'LL COLLECT
SOME HOT
LEAD!



MADRE
DE DIOS!
MARCA
DEL
FUEGO!

SI, MIS CAPITANES!
NOW WE WILL
LEAVE HERE IN
A STAFF CAR.
I'M LOOKING FOR
GENERAL
MUERTE!



ONE FALSE TURN
AND I'LL BLAST A
HOLE THROUGH
YOUR THICK
SKULL!

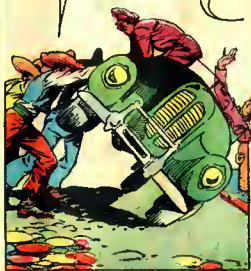


FIREBRAND ALIGHS FROM THE CAR WHEN IT ENCOUNTERS A STREET MOB.



SEIZE THE
REBELS,
MIS
AMIGOS!

KILL THE
TYRANT
SWINE!



MARCA DEL FUEGO!
BUENO! HE FIGHTS
AGAINST THE
REBELS!



YOU SAID
IT, MIS
AMIGOS!

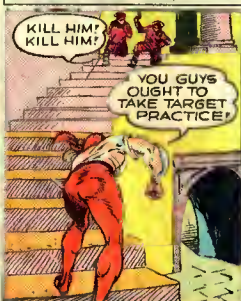
AN ESCAPED REFUGEE RUNS UP TO FIREBRAND.



OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM'S PIKED WALL.



HE MEETS MUERTE'S GUARDS ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



FIREBRAND RACES TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



ABOVE IN THE TOWER GENERAL MUERTE ISSUES ORDERS TO HIS GARRISON.



PS! ORDER CANCELLED. SIGNED... FIREBRAND!



THE RADIO OPERATOR BLOCKS FIREBRAND SO THAT THE GENERAL CAN ESCAPE. . . .



MAYBE THIS DOOR LEADS TO THE PARAPET. AH, I'VE BROKEN THE LOCK!



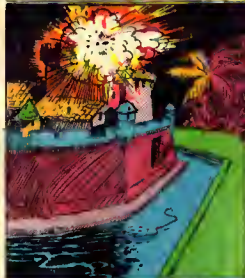
HE MAKES A HUGE TORCH FROM BROKEN CHAIRS AND OIL-SOAKED RAGS. . . .



BUT A REBEL ARTILLERY OFFICER ON A NEARBY HILL-SIDE SPOTS THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY.



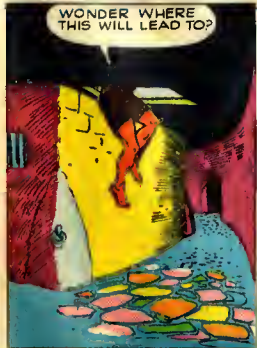
A 75 MILLIMETER SHELL SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE TOWER.. FIREBRAND IS SHOWERED WITH BRICKS



THE BROKEN WALL REVEALS A SHAFTWAY..



WONDER WHERE THIS WILL LEAD TO?



H-MM..A TUNNEL..I'LL TRY THIS IRON DOOR..



SOMEONE HE CANNOT SEE SLAMS AND BOLTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. . . .



FIREBRAND RIPS OFF A HEAVY MANHOLE COVER.

WATER BELOW... WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID OF GETTING MY FEET WET!

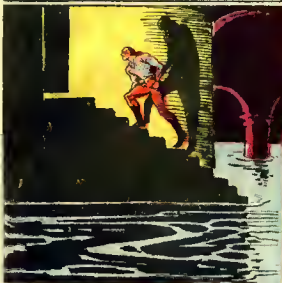


THIS MUST BE A WATER MAIN... NO! IT SMELLS LIKE SEA WATER!

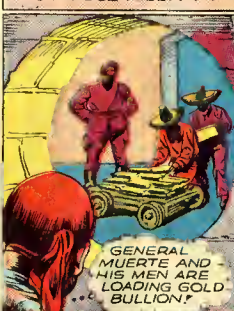
THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD. THE TRAIL IS GETTING HOT!



THE LIGHT BLINKS OUT AS FIREBRAND REACHES A SLIPPERY FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS.



SUDDENLY HE IS GAZING INTO A HUGE VAULT.



GENERAL MUERTE AND HIS MEN ARE LOADING GOLD BULLION!

BEHIND HIS BACK.

MARCA DEL FUEGO! NOW WE HAVE HIM!



UP WEETH YOUR HANDS, YANQUI!

HUH? OKAY, BUD. YOU'VE GOT ME!



VERDAD? YOU EES CLEVER, SENOR... BUT TOO LATE! MY FORCES STILL BATTLE WITH THE STUPID CITIZENS... THEY WILL NO LONGER RESIST WHEN THEY HEAR THAT I HAVE TAKEN ALL THE GOLD FROM THEIR TREASURY!



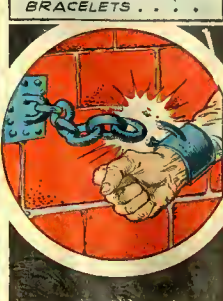
AT MUERTE'S COMMAND, THE GUARDS SWING BACK A DOOR . . .

FIREBRAND'S WRISTS ARE CHAINED TO THE WALL . . .

AS THE ENGINE DRONES LOUDER HE SNAPS THE RUSTY BRACELETS . . .

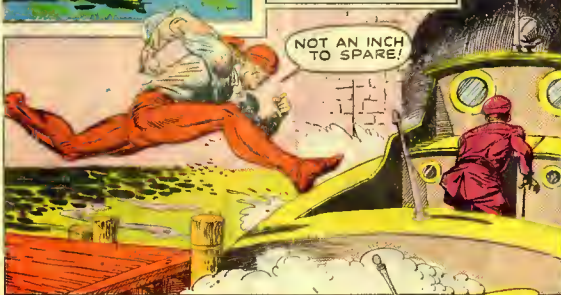


GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE LOADING BULLION ABOARD THAT CABIN CRUISER!



SUDDENLY THE FAST CRUISER LURCHES AHEAD

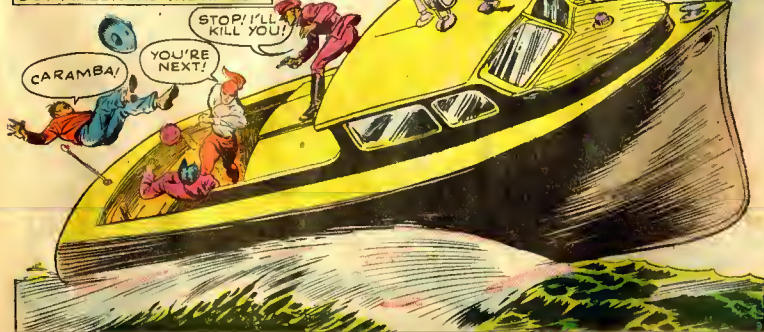
.. IT CHURNS AT TOP SPEED THROUGH THE TUNNEL . . .



NOT AN INCH TO SPARE!



BUT FIREBRAND MUTINIES . .



STOP! I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU'RE NEXT!

CARAMBA!

THE CRAFT ZIGZAGS
AS IT EMERGES INTO
THE HARBOR . . .



FIREBRAND AND MUERTE ARE
LOCKED IN A DEATH STRUGGLE.
THE CRUISER RACES CRAZILY
TOWARD A REBEL SHIP .



IT'S A TORPEDO
BOAT! SINK IT OR
WE'LL BE BLOWN
UP!



ABOVE THE BAY, SLUGGER
CIRCLES IN FIREBRAND'S
PLANE .

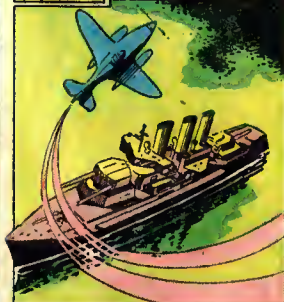


DOLLARS TO
DOUGHNUTS
THAT'S ME
BOSS GIVIN'
DEM A WOIK
OUT. LET'S GET
A LOOK CLOSER

HEY! DAT
BATTLE-WAGON
IS BLASTIN' AT
HIM. H-MM.
I'LL MAKE 'EM
HOP INTO THEIR
BILGES!



SLUGGER FAKES A DIVE-BOMB
ATTACK.



AND THE REBEL GUNNERS
SCRAMBLE IN FRIGHT.



A NEAT TWO-
PERNT LANDIN'. NOW
WHERE TH DICKENS
IS ME BOSS

HEY, SLUGGER! COME
ON OVER AND MEET
THE GENERAL IF
HE'S COME TO YET!



FIREBRAND HAS LEAPED INTO HIS PLANE.



THAT'S IT!
HAUL MUERTE
ABOARD,
SLUG!

GEE! A
DISHONEST
TO NO GOODNESS
GENERAL!

MINUTES LATER THEY DROP DOWN AT THE WATERFRONT PARK.



LOOKIT THE
CROWDS?
SOME
RECEPTION,
EH, BOSS?

MOUNTING THE SEA WALL, FIREBRAND ADDRESSES THE CHEERING THROGS.



YOUR CIVIL
LIBERTIES ARE
NOW RESTORED.
YOU FOUGHT
FOR JUSTICE
AND YOU
HAVE
WON!

BUT SOME OF MUERTE'S MEN HAVE BOARDED THE GOLD-LADEN CRUISER.



MILLIONS IN
GOLD, CARLOS?
WE ARE RICH
GO FASTER!

FIREBRAND HAS LEFT TO PURSUE THEM.



THEES MACHINE
GUN EES EMPTY!
DIOS! EET EES
MARCA DEL
FUEGO!

DIVE BOMBING THROWS THEM INTO A PANIC. SLUG, DRIVE 'EM ASHORE. THEN HEAD BACK TO MIAMI. I CAN'T LET FIREBRAND'S IDENTITY BECOME KNOWN!



SOON THE CRUISER IS CAPTURED BY LOYAL POLICE.



ARRIVING HOME AT DAWN, FIREBRAND SOON BECOMES ROD REILLY. LATER WITH JOAN.



OH, ROD? YOU'RE
UP EARLY! WHERE
WERE YOU LAST
NIGHT?

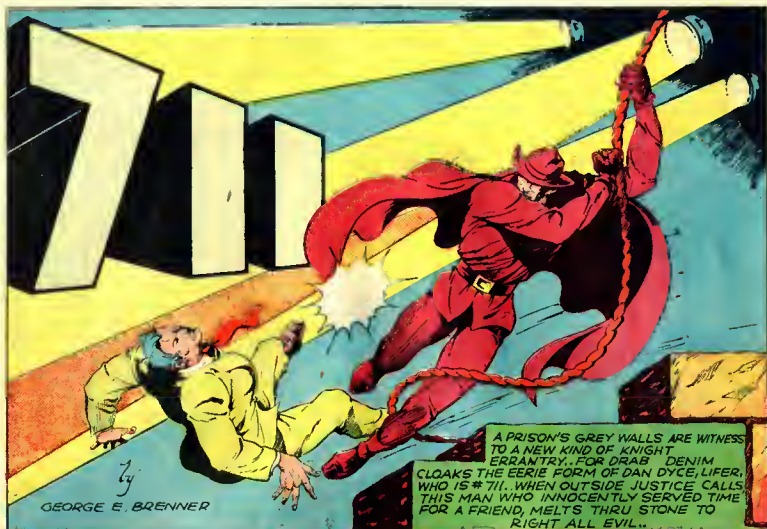
OH,
FLYIN'
AROUND

AT BREAKFAST. IT SAYS HERE THAT FIREBRAND CRUSHED THE REVOLT IN LIBERTAD LAST NIGHT!



MY? HOW
HE GETS
AROUND?

YES...I
ER... HE
SURE
DOES

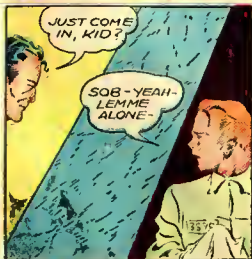


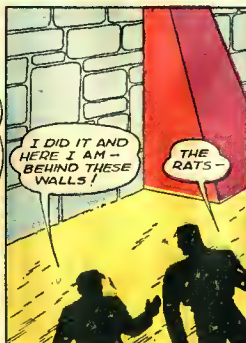
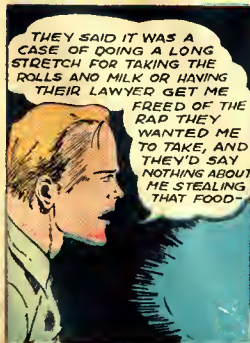
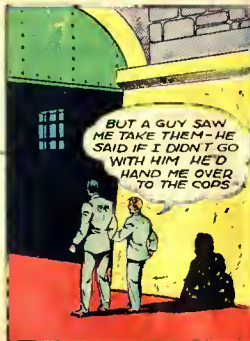
THE SCENE IS WESTMOOR PRISON-

INSIDE ITS WALLS, DAN DYCE, KNOWN AS #711, SERVES A LIFE SENTENCE FOR A CRIME HE NEVER COMMITTED...



GUESS I'LL TAKE A WALK AROUND THE YARD-

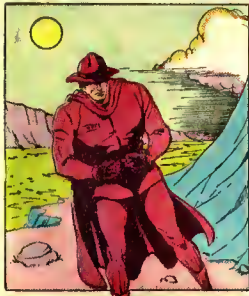




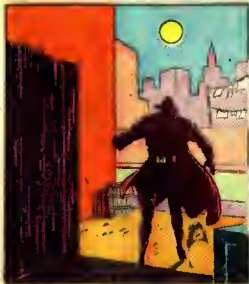
LATE THAT NIGHT, #711
MOVES QUICKLY AND SILENTLY
IN HIS CELL---



TUCKING HIS GRAY DENIMS
INSIDE HIS SOCKS AND DONNING
A BLACK CAPE AND HAT---



LIKE A SHADOW, THE GAUNT
FIGURE OF 711 MAKES HIS
WAY TOWARD 3 WATER STREET---



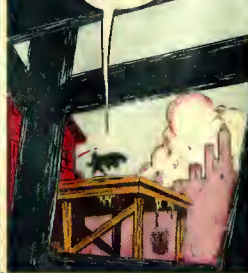
AND IN CASE
THEY DO, THIS
DUMMY SHOULD
FOOL THEM!



THE POWERFUL FIGURE OF
711 IS READY TO STEP FORTH
AND FIGHT IN THE NAME OF
JUSTICE---



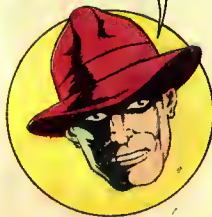
HERE'S THE PLACE -
I WON'T WASTE ANY
TIME ON THESE
LUGS--



#711 STARTS DOWN THE MAZE
OF TUNNELS HE TOOK TWO
YEARS TO DIG---



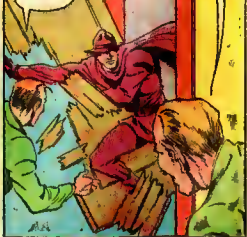
BEFORE I FINISH
WITH LUTZ, HE'LL
BE GLAD TO SERVE
HIS OWN
TERM!



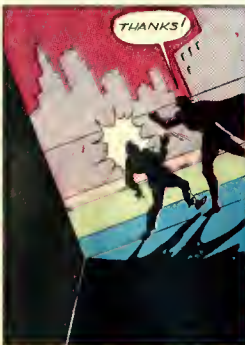
WHERE'S
LUTZ?

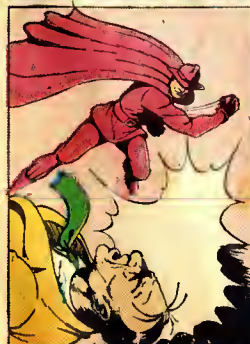
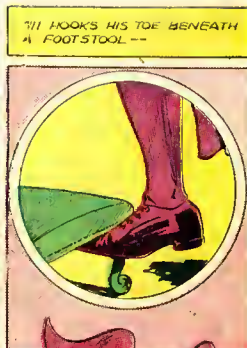
HE WANTS
LUTZ-- GIVE HIM
LUMPS INSTEAD!

WHAT
TH'??--
711!!









SUPER SNOOPER

THEY'RE GETTING READY TO START.



RADIO AUDIENCE... SUPER SNOOPER, IN AN EXHIBITION OF CRIME CATCHING, WILL RECAPTURE A REAL CONVICT IN 60 SECONDS!

THEY'RE OFF!!

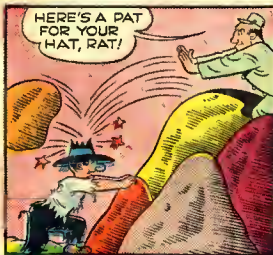
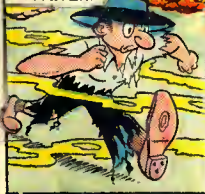


THIS LOOKS BAD FOLKS, THE CONVICT IS LEADING SNOOPER ACROSS AN ARMY BOMB-TESTING FIELD!



OH, OH... A BOMB JUST HIT SNOOPER DIRECT! HE'S DONE.

NO! AS THE SMOKE CLEARS HE STILL PLODS ON... MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER!



HERE'S A PAT FOR YOUR HAT, RAT!

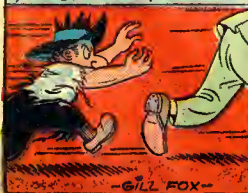


WHEN THIS HITS 'IM, HE SHOULD STOP!



SOCK!

NOTHING CAN STOP THIS GUY, SUPER SNOOPER! HE'S ABOUT TO CATCH HIS MAN NOW... JUST ANOTHER INCH, AND...



-GILL FOX-

STOP! Y'CAN'T ARREST THAT EX-CONVICT!



WHAT D'YA MEAN, EX-CONVICT?

JUS' WHAT I SAID, HE'S BEEN GRANTED A PARDON!



Super Snooper will entertain you in the October issue of POLICE COMICS.

EAGLE EVANS

Glier of Fortune
BY
Clark
Williams



EAGLE EVANS

SNAP SMITH

THE DAUNTLESS AMERICAN ADVENTURERS, EAGLE EVANS, AN ACE FLIER, AND HIS CANDID CAMERA PAL, SNAP SMITH HITCH A SKYRIDE TO THE BRITISH NAVAL BASE IN SINGAPORE, WHERE THEY MATCH THEIR WITS AGAINST ORIENTAL INTRIGUE.

EAGLE AND SNAP CRASH THE GATES TO THE ADMIRAL'S OFFICE.



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU YANKEE TRAMPS! NO! YOU CAN'T BORROW A PLANE FROM THE NAVAL AIR ARM!

BUT YOU WON'T MISS JUST ONE!

YOU HEARD ME! AND SAY...WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE NEED RECONNAISSANCE WORK ANYWAY? SPEAK UP!



WELL, SKIPPER 'Y'SEE...

LAST NIGHT WHEN SNAP AND I WERE IN A CAFE...



HEY, EAGLE! LISTEN TO THOSE BRITISH OFFICERS!

IT'S DEFINITELY BEYOND OUR CONTROL!

HUH?

WELL, WE COCKED OUR EARS
AND HEARD EVERYTHING...

IF THESE MOSQUITO
BOAT RAIDS AREN'T
STOPPED, OUR
WHOLE FLEET
WILL BE DESTROYED!

YES IF
OUR
SCOUTING
PLANES
CAN'T
LOCATE
THEIR BASE.

THAT'S HOW WE
FOUND OUT,
SKIPPER. NOW
WE'RE EXPERTS,
YA KNOW! SO,
DO WE GET A
PLANE?

HARUMPH... ER... IT'S
STRICTLY AGAINST
REGULATIONS... BUT
ER...

JUST THEN
THE SIRENS
SCREAM A
WARNING...



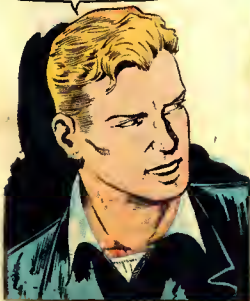
SIXTY SECONDS LATER A FLEET OF HURRICANES TAKES OFF, HOPEFUL OF STOPPING
THE SLEEK SUICIDE BOATS BEFORE THEY RELEASE THEIR DEADLY TORPEDOES.



SKIMMING RUTHLESSLY THROUGH THE MINEO WATERS COME THE MOSQUITO BOATS,
THEIR MYSTERIOUS CREWS READY TO LAUNCH DESTRUCTION UPON THE HELPLESS
BATTLESHIPS LYING AT ANCHOR.



MY GOSH, SNAP! HERE
THEY COME! WE'O
BETTER GET BUSY!



AS THEY REACH THE OUT-
SIDE, A BATTLE CRUISER IS
BLOWN UP IN THE HARBOR.

LOOK AT THAT
EAGLE AND THE
SKEETER CRAFT
RAMMED STRAIGHT
INTO ITS TARGET!

LET'S
GO!



IN THE EXCITEMENT EAGLE
AND SNAP TAKE OFF IN A
NAVAL SCOUT PLANE...

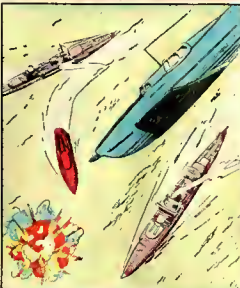
THE HURRICANES
DIDN'T STOP THOSE
SKEETERS!



MEANWHILE THE MOSQUITO BOATS ARE SINKING THE OUTLYING CRUISERS.

THE SUICIDE FLEET ZIGZAGS THROUGH THE ANCHORAGE, SCORING HIT AFTER HIT WITH THEIR TORPEDOES.

HURRICANES DIVE WITH WING GUNS WIDE OPEN BUT THE SPEEDY CRAFT ARE ELUSIVE TARGETS.



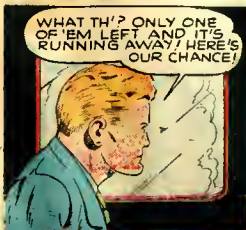
IN A BLAZE OF PATRIOTIC FURY, A TORPEDO BOAT CAPTAIN SMASHES HEAD-ON INTO THE PRIDE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



ABOVE THE SINKING DREADNAUGHT, EAGLE EVANS AND SNAP SMITH GAZE IN AMAZEMENT.



THAT MUST BE THE MOSQUITO SQUADRON LEADER. HE'S RETURNING TO HIS BASE.. WE'LL FOLLOW HIM.



IN THE TORPEDO
BOAT BELOW...

ONE MORE
ATTACK LIKE
THAT AND OUR
NAVY CAN KNOCK
OUT SINGAPORE
WITH A SINGLE
BLOW!



BY DAWN, THEY
REACH A JUNGLE
RIVER...

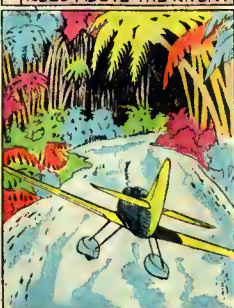


BUT EAGLE
FLIES UNOB-
SERVED ABOVE.

GET BUSY
WITH YOUR
CAMERA, SNAP!



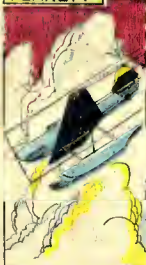
SKILLFULLY, THEY MANEUVER
THROUGH THE ARCH OF
TREES ABOVE THE RIVER.



BUT THEY CATCH
UP WITH THE BOAT
AS IT DOCKS...



A BLAST OF
MACHINE GUN
FIRE RIPS
THROUGH THEIR
PLANE...



EAGLE SKIMS TO
A SMOOTH LAND-
ING OUT OF RANGE



THEY HIT
OUR OIL
LINE, SNAP!

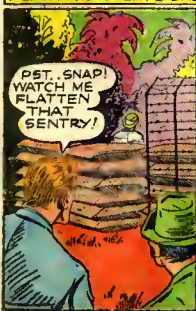
AND QUICKLY THEY CLIMB
UP THE BANK AND HOLD
COUNCIL...



THEY'LL SEND
OUT A PATROL
FOR US!

AND
WHILE THEY
ARE SEARCH-
ING FOR US
WE CAN
CREEP INTO
THEIR BASE!

ELUDING THE SEARCHING
PARTY, EAGLE AND SNAP
REACH THE ENEMY'S BASE.



PST, SNAP!
WATCH ME
FLATTEN
THAT
SENTRY!

A QUICK SOCK...



THAT WAS A
NIFTY, EAGLE!



AND THE SOLDIER
FALLS UNCONSCIOUS
INTO SNAPS ARMS.

BUT EAGLE IS
STARTLED...

WHAT TH'! THAT
SOUNDS LIKE AN
ENGLISHMAN!



BLAST
IT! YOU'LL
LEARN
NOTHING
FROM ME!

THEY PEEK THROUGH A CRACK IN THE HUT WALL...



EAGLE AND SNAP DO NOT HESITATE. QUICKLY, THEY SQUELCH THE TURTLES...



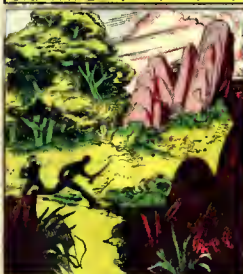
TAKING THE KEYS FROM THE LEADER OPENS THE CAPTIVE'S HANDCUFFS...



GRAB A GUN! WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH 'EM!



JOINED BY THE BRITISH AIRMAN, EAGLE AND SNAP CHARGE THE STARTLED ORIENTALS...



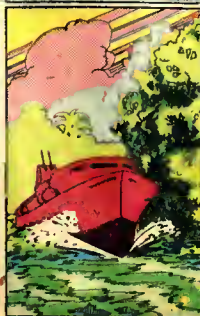
FACING CAPTURE, SNAP TUCKS THE ROLL FROM HIS CAMERA UNDER HIS SHIRT...



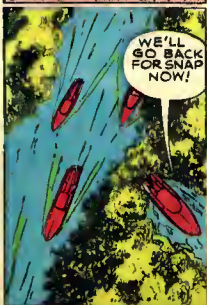
MEANWHILE EAGLE AND THE AIRMAN, JIM, REACH A TORPEDO BOAT.



EAGLE SENDS THE BOAT TEARING DOWNSTREAM.



AROUND THE FIRST BEND EAGLE HIDES... PURSUIT BOATS FLASH BY...



MOMENTS LATER JIM AND EAGLE DOCK AT THE ENEMY'S BASE...

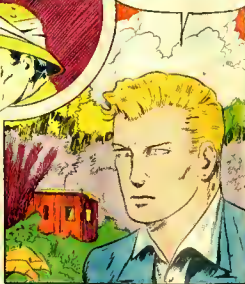


SUDDENLY A STOUT
NET DROPS OVER
THEM . . .

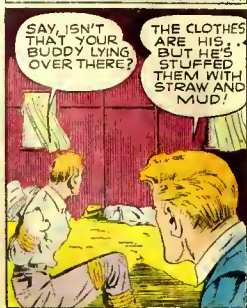


TIE THEM UP
AND THROW
THEM IN WITH THE
OTHER SPY!

WE'LL GET
YOUR NUMBER
YET, BROTHER!



SECURELY BOUND, EAGLE
AND THE AVIATOR ARE
DUMPED INTO A GUARD HUT.



SAY, ISN'T
THAT YOUR
BUDDY LYING
OVER THERE?

THE CLOTHES
ARE HIS . .
BUT HE'S
STUFFED
THEM WITH
STRAW AND
MUD!

MEANWHILE SNAP IS PROWL-
ING AROUND THE CAMP IN
SHIRT AND TROUSERS . .



HAPPY DAYS!
A BASKET OF
BRITISH CARRIER
PIGEONS!

SNAP TIES THE
SMALL ROLL OF
FILM TO A BIRD
AND RELEASES
IT . .



FLY SWIFTLY,
LITTLE PAL!!



NOW TO
SCRAM OUTA
HERE!

CAUTIOUSLY, SNAP
APPROACHES THE
DOCK .



ONLY ONE
GUARD . . WELL,
HERE GOES!



EEEK!

ONE
SIDE,
YELLOW
PERIL!

LEAPING INTO A TORPEDO
BOAT, SNAP ROARS DOWN-
STREAM .



OOOPS!
HERE COMES
THE WHOLE
FLOTILLA!

WITHOUT
THROTTLING
DOWN, SNAP
GRABS AN
OVERHANGING
BRANCH.



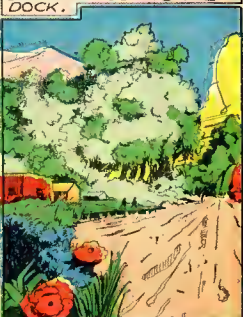
AND THE BOAT SPEEDS ON TO SMASH INTO THE FLOTILLA



WITH EAR-SPLITTING BLASTS, THE TORPEDO FLEET BLOWS UP.



UPSTREAM, THE ORIENTAL SOLDIERS RUSH TO THE DOCK.



MEANWHILE EAGLE AND THE FLIER HAVE BROKEN LOOSE.

THOSE BLASTS SOUND LIKE SNAP'S WORK. LET'S GET GOING!



RIGHTO!

AT THE RIVER BANK,

I CAN FIX MY PLANE'S BUSTED OIL LINE IN A JIFFY..HERE IT IS!



MOMENTS LATER EAGLE GUNS THE SHIP OFF THE RIVER.

THAT WAS A QUICK JOB, EAGLE, BUT WATCH OUT BELOW.



AH! VERY GOOD SHOT!

THE ENGINE SPUTTERS.. ITS PONTONS HIT THE WATER.



AND SNAP DROPS FROM THE LIMB TO THE WING.

HI YA, EAGLE! I JUST BLEW UP THE FLEET.



SNAP!

SUDDENLY..

TORPEDO BOATS? SAY, THEY'RE FLYING THE UNION JACK!



SURE! I GENT PHOTOS OF THEIR ROUTE BACK VIA A CARRIER PIGEON!

I'M SURE GLAD TO MEET YOUR PARTNER, EAGLE.. OUR AIR FORCE WILL COME ALONG AND BLOW THIS BASE OFF THE MAP NOW!



YEAH, BUT WE MUST RETURN THE PLANE OR THE ADMIRAL WILL SPREAD US OVER THE MAP!



CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON HENKEL

CRIME AND INJUSTICE
HAVE ONE DEADLY FOE. THE
SWORD... AND THIS
COLORFUL AVENGER IS
REALLY THE DARING
CHIC CARTER, DAILY STAR
REPORTER...



A GREAT LUXURY LINER
CLEAVES ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD,
BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA...



THE TALL FIGURE OF CHIC CARTER
STANDS IDLY AGAINST THE
SHIP'S RAIL...

AH! LOOKS
LIKE THIS TRIP
WILL BE VERY
INTERESTING!



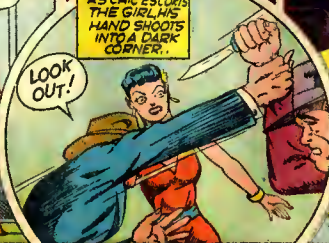
NAME'S CHIC
CARTER, JUST A
NOSEY REPORTER
..MIND IF I CLAIM
A DANCE?

NOT AT ALL...
BRRR...
I KEEP THINKING
I'M BEING
WATCHED!!



AS CHIC ESCORTS
THE GIRL, HIS
HAND SHOOTS
INTO A DARK
CORNER...

LOOK
OUT!



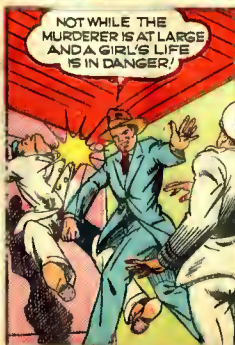
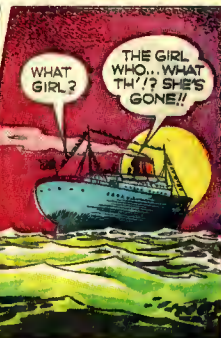
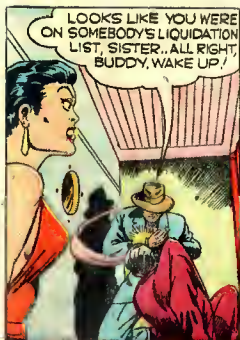
HELLO! DON'T
YOU KNOW YOU'LL
GET SEASICK
WATCHING THE
WATER LIKE
THAT!

OH!
HA! HA!
YOU FRIGHTENED
ME!



YOU WEREN'T
WRONG, MISS.. AND
I DON'T LIKE
GUYS WITH
KNIVES!





THROUGH A LONG NIGHT OF MYSTERY THE SOUTH-BOUND LINER CONTINUES ON ITS WAY..



...AND THE HUNTED REPORTER SEARCHES FOR THE MISSING GIRL...



MEANWHILE IN THE SHIP'S GYMNASIUM..

WHAT IS ZIS, TAMARA, SOME-ONE TRY TO STAB YOU?

SEBASTIAN, SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KILL ME. YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON I CAN TRUST!



TAMARA, EH? SO THAT'S HER NAME!!



YOU! WHY DID YOU RUN OUT ON ME AFTER THE MURDER?

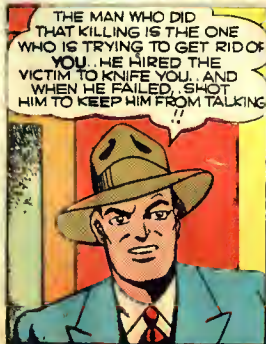
I, SEBASTIAN DEL RICCO, DO NOT LIKE YOUR INTRUSION!!



IT'S ALL RIGHT.. HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE.. I'M SORRY I RAN AWAY.. I WAS FRIGHTENED!



THE MAN WHO DID THAT KILLING IS THE ONE WHO IS TRYING TO GET RID OF YOU. HE HIRED THE VICTIM TO KNIFE YOU, AND WHEN HE FAILED, SHOT HIM TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING!!



YOU ARE TALKING IN RIDDLES, I....

SHUT UP! LISTEN, MISS TAMARA, WHO ARE YOU?

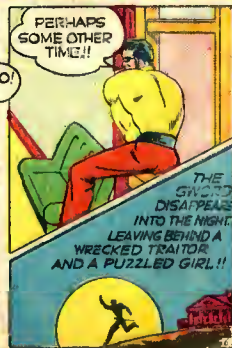
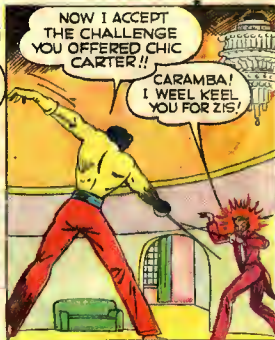
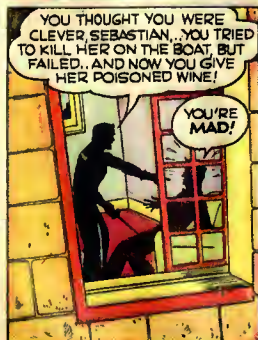


SHE IS SENORITA TAMARA DE VIELLE, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENTE DE VIELLE, OF BRAZILIA.. NATURALLY SHE WOULD HAVE MANY ENEMIES!!









PLASTIC MAN

TO ALL THE WORLD, **EEL O'BRIAN** IS THE TOUGHEST GANGSTER AFOOT! HE'S WANTED BY POLICE IN EIGHT STATES, HE LIVES A FURTIVE EXISTENCE. THERE ISN'T A CROOK LIVING WHO DOESN'T KNOW AND RESPECT HIM FOR HIS BOLD DISREGARD OF THE LAW!!



by *Black* COLE



BUT IN REALITY HE IS **PLASTIC MAN** CHAMPION OF JUSTICE!! MASQUERADING AS A CRIMINAL, HE OBTAINS INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE OPERATIONS OF HIS CRONIES. THEN, CHANGING HIS FACIAL APPEARANCE AND DONNING THE OMINOUS COSTUME OF **PLASTIC MAN**, HE PROMPTLY BRINGS THEM TO JUSTICE!

EATE ONE AFTERNOON AT THE CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS:



HELLO! ANYBODY HOME??

GULP!

ALRIGHT, **PLASTIC MAN** WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST THIS: IF I BREAK UP THE **DOPE** RACKET THAT'S OVER-RUNNING THE CITY WILL YOU TAKE ME ON THE FORCE ??



IMPOSSIBLE!! WE'VE BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS AND CAN'T CORNER THEM! THEY'RE TOO SLICK!

BUT TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO... IF YOU CAN ROUND UP THIS MOB, **PLUS** THAT SKUNK, **EEL O'BRIAN**, YOU'RE ON THE FORCE!



SO I HAVE TO TURN MYSELF IN, EH ??

CAPTAIN, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A NEW RECRUIT!

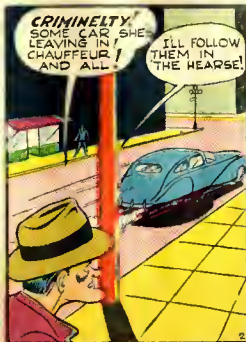
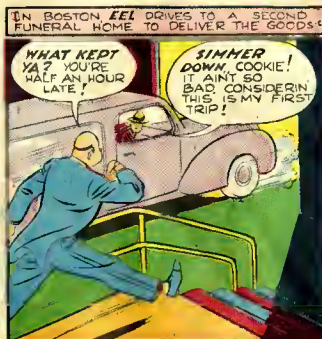
LATER, **EEL O'BRIAN** VISITS HIS OLD FRIEND **DOPEY JOE**...



SURE WE CAN USE YOU **EEL**! GOT JUST THE SPOT FOR A GUY WITH GUTS!

SPILL! IT PALL! I'M ALL EARS!

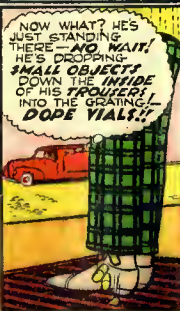
ATTA! STUFF!



SOON THE SECOND CAR STOPS. THE DRIVER GETS OUT AND WALKS...



HE STROLLS OVER TO A GRATING AND STOPS.



NOW WHAT? HE'S JUST STANDING THERE—NO WAIT! HE'S DROPPING SMALL OBJECTS DOWN THE INSIDE OF HIS TROUSERS! INTO THE GRATING! DOPE VIALS!!

THIS MUST BE AN OPIUM DEN! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. I'LL MAKE UP AS A DOPE FIEND!



NOW A HAGGARD, BALLOW-EYED DERELICT, PLASTIC MAN KNOCKS:



WHO THERE?

DOPEY JOE SENT ME! GOTTA HAVE SOME—I'LL GO NUTS IF YOU WON'T LET ME IN!



COME IN! WAIT HERE—BE BACK SOON!

YAH, YAH—OKAY, BUT HURRY UP! I'M SHAKIN LIKE A FLINER!



TEN MINUTES! HE'S SURE TAKIN HIS TIME... I DON'T LIKE IT!



SUDDENLY A KNIFE FLASHES:—

LIAR! DOPEY JOE WON SEND YOU!!



DAGGER BOUNCE BACK??! THEN YOU'RE—YOU'RE—

THAT'S RIGHT—PLASTIC MAN!



ORIENTALS RUSH AT PLASTIC MAN AS HE REVEALS HIMSELF

CHON, YOU YELLOW!! DOGS!!



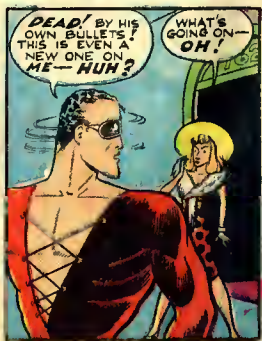
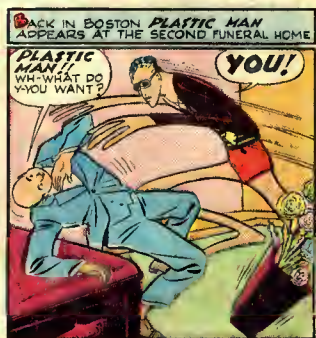
USING HIS BODY AS A SLING, PLASTIC MAN HURLS THEM BACK

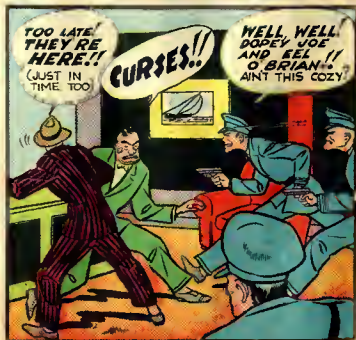
OW!

BA!



YOU'VE JUST CLOSED YOUR LAST DEAL IN OPIUM!! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE EATING OFF THE STATE!





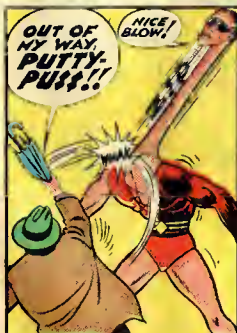
BUT THE EEL LEAPS OUT A NEARBY WINDOW—



HE HURRIES TO A PHONE.



LATER, AT THE HOME OF A. J. SIMMS...



PLASTIC MAN SPINS HIS CAPTIVE LIKE A HUGE TOP!



NEXT DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS:



IS IT MY FAULT YOU GUYS CAN'T EVEN HANG ONTO THE EEL AFTER I LEAD YOU TO HIM?



TUNE IN YOUR DIME TO ANOTHER **PLASTIC MAN** THRILLER IN NEXT MONTH'S **POLICE COMICS!!**

Dewey DRIP

LEMME GO, MAW— AH'M J'ININ' THE YEWNITED STATES ARMY— THEY PAYS YO' FO' FEUDIN'!

YO' AIN'T J'ININ' NUTHIN' 'TIL AH GIVES YO' HIDE A GOOD SOAP AN' WATER SCRUBBIN' SON!

WOT'S THET YER DOIN', T'DEWY, MAW?

GIVIN' HIM A BATH, PAW— YOUR MAW GIVE YO' ONE SHOT'LY 'FORE WE WUZ MARRIED— REMEMBER?

HONK-KIN AH GO UNE THE ARMY NOW, MAW?

Y'SHO' KIN SON— BUT FUST GO SAY G'BYE TO LULU-BELLE!

BUT, DEWEY— AIN'T YO' GOIN' TO KISS ME GOODBYE?

KAIN'T— GOT M'PIPE IN M'MOUTH!

DEWEY, WE UNS IS GOIN' T'PLAY FOOT-BALL.

WIV YO' HAIP FO' THE BALL

SORRY AH KAIN'T OBLIGE— AH'S GOIN' T'JINE TH' ARMY AT \$21 A MONTH!

HA HA HA! WHO'D PAY A DRIP \$21 A MONTH

VERY HOOMERUS! HAW HAW HAW!

IS YO' SKONK'S INCINERATIN' THET AH'M LYIN'?

SP! LAT CRACK BOF KLUNK

AH JUS' GOT A IDEA!— THESE ORNERY POLECATS DONE ME A FAVOR WIVOUT KNOWIN' IT!

LATER...

IS THIS WHERE AH APPLIES FO' EMPLOYMENT IN THE YEWNITED STATES ARMY?

HUH? ER—YES, TO BE SURE!

AN' YO' IS LOOKIN' FO' FIGHTIN' MEN—AIN'T YO'?

ER—YES— YES WE ARE!

WAL, AH DONE BROUGHT ALONG A COUPLA SAMPLES OF MAH WORK!

Steele KERRIGAN

By Al Bryant



SEARCHING FOR HONEST WORK, STEELE TAKES A JOB AS A TRUCK DRIVERS HELPER.

DAN RYAN OWNS THE TRUCK FLEET.



KERRIGAN, THIS IS MIKE SCULLY. HE CAN USE YOU ON HIS TRUCK!

O.K., LET'S GO!

GLAD TO MEET YA MIKE!



SAY AIN'T YOU THE GUY WHO BUSTED UP THE RIOT AT STATE PEN AND THEN TURNED YOUR OLD GANG OVER TO THE COPPER? GOIN' STRAIGHT NOW, EH?

YEAH... BUT I NEVER WAS A CROOK, MIKE!



TEN MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY, MIKE DRAWS UP TO A DINER...



ORDER CREAM PIE AND COFFEE FOR ME... I'M GONNA WASH UP!

OKEY DOKE!



BUT INSTEAD...



A WHILE LATER...



HUH? OH, NAW!

SUDDENLY A TREE FALLS BEFORE THEM. AIR BRAKES HISsing, MIKE GRINDS TO A SAFE STOP...



FROM THE WOODS, FOUR MEN CHARGE ON THE STALLED TRUCK...



KERRIGAN LEAPS FROM THE CAB TO MEET THE ATTACK.

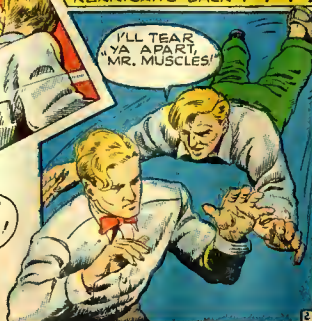


HIS SURE-FIRE BLOWS SCORE HARD HITS...



THERE'S NO TRICK TO THIS, CHUM!

BUT A THUG LEAPS ONTO KERRIGAN'S BACK...



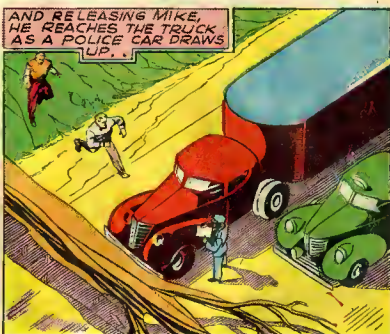
STEELE SPINS QUICKLY. HIS RIGHT FIST SHOTS STRAIGHT TO THE HIJACKER'S JAW...

BUT BEFORE HE CAN TURN, GUN BUTTS ARE CRACKING DOWN ON HIM...

WHEN KERRIGAN REGAINS COMPLETE CONSCIOUSNESS HE AND SCULLY ARE BOUND TO A TREE IN THE WOODS...



AND RELEASING MIKE, HE REACHES THE TRUCK AS A POLICE CAR DRAWS UP...



YOU MUST'VE SCARED THOSE FELLAS OFF. THEY WERE GONNA HIJACK OUR LOAD!



HOP IN WITH US. WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN CATCH UP WITH 'EM!



BUT AS THEY ROAR PAST A HIDDEN LANE, THE CROOKS' CAR DARTS OUT BEHIND THEM.



THE POLICE CAR GETS OUT OF CONTROL. . .



SUB-MACHINE GUN LEAD MOWS DOWN THE POLICEMEN AS THEY CLIMB OUT, BUT KERRIGAN GRABS A WOUNDED COP'S GUN. . .



AH, I GOT TWO OF 'EM! NOW FOR THE MUG WITH THE TOMMY!



WITH A LUNGE, STEELE OVERPOWERS THE MACHINE GUN HOLDER. . .



SCULLY!
HEY, SCULLY!
WHERE ARE YOU?



WITH THE CROOKS TIED UP IN THE BACK SEAT ALONG WITH THE DEAD COPS, STEELE SETS OFF FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS. . .



POLICE DEPARTMENT

TWO OF OUR BEST MEN DEAD! YOU OUGHTA GET A MEDAL FOR BRINGING IN THE KILLERS, KERRIGAN!



BUT I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT BECAME OF SCULLY. THE DRIVER, MISTER RYAN, SENT ME OUT WITH, HE JUST DISAPPEARED WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTED!



MAYBE AN EX-CON LIKE YOU COULD FIND OUT, STEELE!

YOU'RE A MATERIAL WITNESS. . . BUT I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU. . . GO OVER TO RYAN'S OFFICE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND



OUTSIDE, STEELE MEETS HIS SWEET-HEART, ANNE.

AGAINST HIS PROTEST, ANNE FOLLOWS HIM.

WHEN THEY REACH RYAN'S OFFICE.

SCULLY'S HUSKY WHISPER CARRIES THROUGH THE DOOR.

STEELE? GOSH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

M'GOSH! SCULLY'S IN THERE!

WHAT IS WRONG, STEELE?

THEM LUGS DOUBLE-CROSSED US! THEY MOITERED THE COPS AND WUZ GOIN' BACK FER THE LOAD WHEN I GOT AWAY!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE QUICK, MIKE!

NOT SO FAST, MISTER RYAN! THE COPS WANT TO SEE YOU AND MIKE!

KERRIGAN! SAY, I HADDA HUNCH DAT EX-CON WAS PLANTED ON US BY THE COPPERS! BLAST HIM, BOSS!

KERRIGAN LUNGES, HITTING RYAN'S GUN ARM... THE SHOT PIERCES MIKE'S CHEST.



THE POLICE WHO HAD BEEN SHADOWING STEELE RUSH IN.

ANNE IS OUTSIDE WITH THE SERGEANT.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN HITTING A GUY FOR GIVING ME A JOB, BUT THIS TIME IT'S DIFFERENT.

HOLD OUT YOUR MITTS, RYAN.

NICE WORK, STEELE!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. RYAN, HIRED STEELE ONLY THIS MORNING.

WE'D SUSPECTED RYAN, MISS. HE GOT A MOB TO KILCK HIS VALUABLE LOADS, THEN SOLO THE STUFF AND COLLECTED THE INSURANCE FOR A DOUBLE PROFIT!





FOR A BRIEF SECOND THE GIRL IS SUSPENDED FROM THE TOP OF THE WELL.



WITH A MUFFLED SPLASH SHE PLUNGES DOWN INTO THE ICY WATER!



SHE CAN'T SQUEAL ON US NOW!

LET'S SCRAM AND PICK UP SOME GRUB!



AS THE GANGSTERS SPEED AWAY THE MOUTHPIECE RUNS OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE!

QUICKLY STRIPPED TO HIS WAIST THE MASKED MAN LOWERS HIMSELF DOWN!

IN A SECONO HE IS IN THE WATER...



HAVE TO WORK FAST TO RESCUE THAT GIRL!



WOW!
IS IT COLD DOWN HERE!

THEN UNDER THE SURFACE, PULLING THE ROPE WITH HIM.

WITH HIS LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR HE TIES THE ROPE AROUND THE UNCONSCIOUS...

CAT-LIKE, THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS UP THE ROCKY WALLS OF THE DEATH WELL.

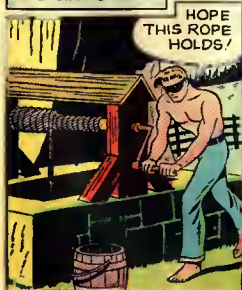


HERE SHE IS!

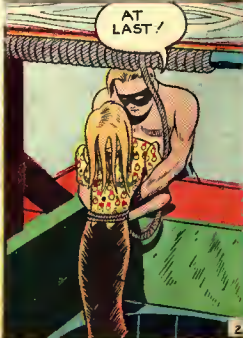


REACHING THE TOP HE CRANKS UP THE WELL ROPE TIED TO THE GIRL BELOW.

UP...UP...THE DRIPPING BODY RISES FROM THE STYGIAN BLACKNESS!



HOPE THIS ROPE HOLDS!

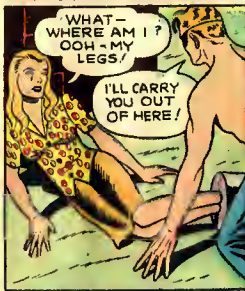


AT LAST!

THE MOUTHPIECE STRIVES
TO REVIVE THE VICTIM!



FINALLY THE GIRL QUIVERS
AND HER EYES OPEN.

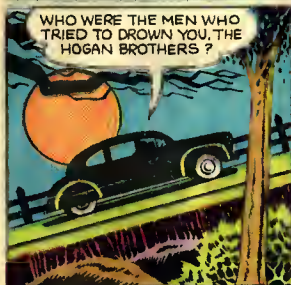


TAKE IT EASY,
LADY. I'LL SOON
GET THE
CEMENT OFF YOUR
LEGS

THAT MASK!
WHY YOU'RE
THE MOUTH-
PIECE



IN HIS CAR THE MOUTHPIECE DRIVES
TO HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



YES - I'M LILY
BUTLER AND I
SAW THEM ROB
THE FUR STORE
SAFE THE OTHER
NIGHT. THEY
KIDNAPPED
ME---



LATER - IN HIS LABORATORY THE
MOUTHPIECE DEFTLY CHISELS THE
CEMENT AWAY FROM THE GIRL'S FEET.



IT SURE
FEELS
SWELL TO
WALK
AGAIN!

DO YOU KNOW
THERE IS A
\$10,000 RE-
WARD ON THE
HOGAN
BROTHERS?



I HAVE A
SCHEME FOR
YOU TO CATCH
THEM!

GEE, IF I
COULD GET THAT
MONEY IT WOULD
PUT MY KID
BROTHER THROUGH
SCHOOL!



YOU PUT ON THAT COAT
OF MINE AND GIVE ME
YOUR DRESS. I'LL PUT
IT ON THIS STORE
WINDOW MODEL!



THE MASKED MAN SOON HAS THE MODEL DRESSED IN LILY'S CLOTHES.

I'LL FIX HER WIG TO LOOK LIKE MY HAIR-DO!

AND WITH A LITTLE MAKE-UP SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT!



NOW WE'LL DASH BACK TO THE FARMHOUSE!



BACK IN THE COUNTRY THE MOUTHPIECE AND HIS PASSENGER, APPROACH THE FARMHOUSE HIDEOUT WITH HIS CAR LIGHTS OUT.

THE HOGANS ARE IN - THE WINDOWS ARE LIT



YOU HIDE BEHIND THE WELL AND WE'LL WIRE THE DUMMY OVER IT. IT WILL LOOK LIKE YOU COMING OUT AGAIN!



WITH STRONG WIRES THE MODEL IS FASTENED LIFELIKE AGAINST THE CROSSBAR.

CAN MAKE HER ARMS MOVE!



WHEN I GET THOSE CROOKS TO COME OUT YOU STAY HIDDEN, BUT TALK TO THEM IN AN EERIE VOICE AS THOUGH YOU'RE A GHOST!

I UNDERSTAND!



BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG REMEMBER, I'M NEARBY WITH MY GUN!



INSIDE THE HIDEOUT.

WE CAN SPEND THAT DOUGH AS SOON AS THE HEAT DIES DOWN!

YEAH - AN' IT'S A GOOD THING WE DUNKED THE DAME!



SUDDENLY A ROCK CRASHES THROUGH THE NEARBY WINDOW



THE ROBBERS GASP AS THEY READ THE NOTE!

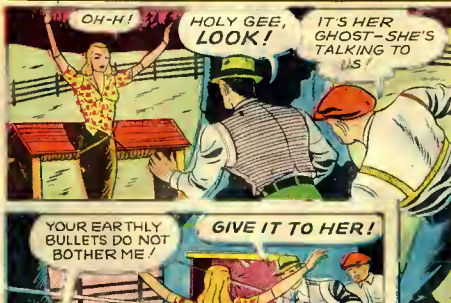


WHAT THE...S-SHE'S DEAD!



THE TWO MEN DASH OUT THE DOOR TOWARDS THE WELL-

WHAT THE GANGSTERS SEE!

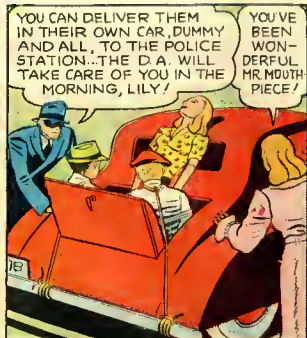


IN HORROR THE TWO HOGAN BROTHERS THROW AWAY THEIR GUNS!



BUT FACING THEM IN THE REAR IS THE MOUTHPIECE!





WHILE LILY DRIVES OFF WITH HER PRISONERS THE MOUTHPIECE TAKES OFF HIS MASK.



NEXT DAY BILL PERKINS GOES TO HIS OFFICE.



LAST NIGHT A YOUNG LADY CAUGHT PUG AND HYMIE HOGAN. SHE'S HERE TO CLAIM THE REWARD!



LILY IS USHERED INTO THE D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



HOLLYWOOD STICKUP

BY ROBERT HYATT

Blackie Dolan, fedora pulled low over his eyes, watched a movie company set up its equipment on the corner of Bronson and Melrose avenues.

"Gonna shoot a fillum, looks like," observed Blackie, who had just been sprung from San Quentin prison a week earlier. "Mebbe I'll give it a gander."

A truck had unloaded a dozen or so giant Kleig lights on the sidewalk in front of the Bank of America. A camera crew rolled several cameras forward. A sound truck was parked at the curb, and from its mysterious interior a series of thick cables led into the bank and to a moveable boom which held the mike.

As Blackie watched the progress of the shooting crew, a large limousine drew up and a veiled woman got out.

"Hmmm!" mused Blackie. "Prob'ly the star. An' look at the flock o' ice she's wearin'!"

More expensive cars kept arriving, until an entire force of actors and actresses were on the scene. Then the shooting got under way. The big arcs blazed into life, their dazzling rays focused upon the bank's front. The customers seemed to pay no attention to what was going on. Of course, Blackie reasoned, folks were wised up to these things in Hollywood.

An armored truck pulled up at the curb, and two uniformed guards got out. A moment later a man came out of the bank carrying a heavy sack of money.

Money! Blackie licked his pendulous lips. What he wouldn't give for a tenner right now! He had quickly spent the five dollars which the prison gives to a released man. And Blackie had been

unable to contact any of his old mob; probably some of them got "stuck" in the draft. He too was of draft age, but he had not registered, having been in prison; nor had he any intention of registering now that he was a free man once more. That was for suckers!

Funny, thought Blackie, how movies were made. A lot of it plenty phoney, too.

As he watched, a big touring car screamed to a stop in front of the bank and two men leaped out, with drawn revolvers. Covering the bank guards, they backed them into the bank.

"All right," one of them shouted. "This is a stick-up!"

A revolver blasted from inside the bank, and a policeman ran outside. (He pumped a shot at the bandits. One of them fell, blazing away from the sidewalk.) The cop reeled drunkenly, then sprawled face down on the concrete.

The other bandit grabbed the cash sack and leaped into the car. It sped away, with one man in the tonneau covering everybody with a tommy gun.

"Cheez!" gasped Blackie. "That sure looked like the McCoy! . . . but I guess it was only part of the pitcher!"

It hit Blackie as he was strolling toward the flop he called home. Suddenly. Cold. Between the eyes. What a honey of an idea! He hurried into a drug store and made for a telephone booth. There was one guy he hadn't tried to contact. That one was Mike Danovitch, the slickest con man this side of Manhattan. Blackie had worked for Mike once; then that payroll job had landed him

in the clink. Mike had faded out of the picture, because Mike didn't like to inonkey with guys who had been in "stir." But with this idea . . . Mike would go for it big!

One bright afternoon, Dick Mace was sitting in the office of John Kelley, president of the California Bank.

"Well, you runnin' into many exciting jobs these days?" Kelley asked.

Dick grinned. "Only one lately; that silk stealing outfit in British Columbia."

"I envy you chaps who follow the dangerous trails," Kelley said. "Me, I sit here day after day, twiddling my thumbs, and what



happens? Nothin'!"

"You're going to have some pretty soon, aren't you?" Dick queried. Didn't you say a movie company was going to shoot a picture in the bank this afternoon?"

"Pooh!" snorted Kelley. "When you've lived in California as long as I have, you won't think movie shootin' much of a thrill . . . yeah, they're going to be here at two. Stick around, Dick; you might get a kick out of it."

Sharp at two, a couple of huge trucks rolled up in front of the bank. They were loaded with arcs, and the thousand and one bits of equipment used in shooting a film.

Some of the equipment was set up inside the bank, some outside. A dozen men carried arcs and rolls of cable here and there, placing it according to a blueprint

one of them consulted occasionally.

"What company is it?" Dick asked.

"I forget now. One of the 'quickies' I think . . . they spring up like mushrooms out here, and some of 'em don't last much longer!"

The director made his appearance. He wore dark glasses and spoke irritably to the crew of props and grips.

"All right, everybody!" he called. "Take your places!"

John Kelley nudged Dick. "It's supposed to be a hank stickup, y'know. I never saw a real one, but I've watched a lot of these movie versions."

Outside the bank, police had their hands full keeping the crowd of curios from mobbing the movie crew. The star arrived in a big sedan. When he came into the bank, Dick laughed. The chap was certainly made up to look like a tough.

"He's supposed to be a Humphrey Bogart type, you know," said Kelley. "The tough killer, and all that," Kelley yawned. "I hope it doesn't take 'em longer than to three; I want to get home and stand under a nice shower."

"All right, roll 'em!" called the director.

There were two thugs at the door of the bank. A third and fourth had drawn their guns and were poking them through the tellers' cages. The sound boom hung just over their heads.

"Stick 'em up, everybody!" one of them snarled.

One of the gunmen had the customers lined up at one wall. They had been warned, by a large sign posted at the door, that this was a movie. They grinned as the guns wavered back and forth.

"Hand over all the paper money," snapped the bold star. The teller, looking a bit puzzled, shoved a heavy sack through the grill.

"Certainly 're realistic,'" Dick mused.

"Cut!" shouted the director. Then:

"Now, folks, if you'll just remain in your places a moment while we shoot the vault sequence, we'll be mighty grateful . . . and I'll personally send you all tickets to the picture!"

The people standing with their backs to the wall grinned. One of them said, "Boy, I hope they see me in this film; I'll tell the folks back East that I was in a real bank robbery!"

The cameras moved toward the vault room at the rear of the bank. The sound boom snaked overhead, its tiny mike hanging just



above the star's head.

"Quiet, everybody!" From the director. "Roll 'em!"

The cameras went into action again, and the star closed in on the old vault guard.

"Open her up, buddy, an' make it snappy!"

The guard swung the heavy vault door open. The star went inside, but returned in a moment with a flat steel box under his arm.

"All right, guys," he said to his gunmen, "we got the works. Let's get goin'!"

They went out the door, their pistols still menacing everybody,

Outside, another camera recorded their exit.

"Say," said Dick, "that was real money they took, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, sure," Kelley replied. "Why, Dickie . . . you think a movie company would . . . Hey!"

Dick had vaulted over the railing and was running for the door.

"Something mighty funny about this, that's all!" he shot over his shoulder. At the door he saw the cars and trucks pulling away rapidly.

"Why don't they take their stuff?" he asked of a cop.

"Dunno," replied the latter.

"Well, stop them!" Dick shouted. "Stop them!"

The cop just stood, looking a little dazed. "It's a movie, you nut!"

"Movie my eye!" Dick tore one of the cameras open. The film reels were empty. "Just as I thought!" he cried. "Just as I figured he'd do. It was a real stick-up . . . and he got away with it. Almost," he added a moment later, when a rattle of pistol fire broke out down the street.

"What is that?" demanded Kelley.

"That," said Dick, "is a little reception committee I arranged, just in case, Mr. Kelley. You see, I was in a phone booth one day when Blackie Dolan called a slick crook. He was in the next booth. I heard him plan a bank robbery, using this movie idea as a gag. He rented the equipment from one of the small companies . . . So I had a few squad cars loaded with cops parked up and down the block, with orders to take a look in the movie company's cars. That's all. They evidently had a little trouble getting your money back!"

**ANOTHER GRIPPING DICK MACE
STORY—IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
ON SALE AUGUST 25TH**

PHANTOM Lady

by
Arthur Peddy



TO THE WORLD, SANDRA KNIGHT, DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF SENATOR KNIGHT IS A YOUNG, GLITTERING GLAMOUR GIRL BUT IN SECRET, SANDRA IS THE PHANTOM LADY, WHOSE CEASELESS WAR ON INTRIGUE MAKES FRONT PAGE NEWS.

A MYSTERIOUS FIRE SUDDENLY RAZES THE HERMESE EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON.



DAILY TIMES
HERMESE ENVOY
DIES IN FIRE!

NEWS WORLD

HERMA CHARGES MURDER!

NEWSPAPER ★★

WAR CRISIS REACHED!
HERMA REJECTS U.S. NOTE!

DAILY E VIEWS
MOBILIZATION
THREATENED!

WORLD EVEN
WAR
IMMINENT!



DON BORDEN OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CALLS SANDRA HIS FIANCEE.

NO DATE TONIGHT, SANDRA. GOTTA WORK. TOO MUCH WAR SCARE.



QUICKLY SANDRA BECOMES THE PHANTOM LADY...



HERMA HAS NO REASON TO DECLARE WAR... AND I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE AMBASSADOR DIDN'T DIE IN THAT FIRE!

IN HER FATHER'S STUDY SHE SCOOPS UP HIS VALUABLE COLLECTION OF NETSUKES...



THESE LITTLE IDOLS OUGHT TO COME IN HANDY!

BUT SHE DOES NOT SEE A SLANTED EYE THROUGH A KEYHOLE...



IT IS THE ORIENTAL HOUSEBOY...

...MUST STOP HER, TIKOY. MEET ME RIGHT AWAY! PHANTOM LADY TRIES TO INTERFERE... MUST STOP!!



MEANWHILE PHANTOM LADY, DRIVING HER BLACK COUPE, PARKS BEFORE AN ANTIQUE SHOP...



THIS IS A FINE TIME O' NIGHT TO TRANSACT BUSINESS BUT...

WAL?? WHAT YOU WANT?



I HAVE SOME ORIENTAL IDOLS TO SHOW YOU.. LET ME IN!

THE ANTIQUE DEALER EXAMINES THE NETSUKES VERY CAREFULLY...

IT IS SENATOR KNIGHT'S COLLECTION! HE'S PUTTING IT UP FOR SALE!



SURE, I'LL SELL 'EM FOR YA. GET A GOOD PRICE TOO!

SUDDENLY THE SHOP DOOR CREAKS... TWO DARK FIGURES SLIP IN...



THERE SHE IS, TIKOY.. AMBASSADOR SAY GET THE IDOLS.. NO HURT HER THOUGH!

BUT THE PHANTOM LADY IS ON THE ALERT... SHE FLASHES ON HER CONE OF BLACK LIGHT...



THE TWO THUGS, ORIENTALS, SLASH OUT BLINDLY...



BUT FOR A BARE SECOND A GLANCING MOON RAY LIGHTS THE IDOLS. ONE VILLAIN GATHERS THEM UP QUICKLY..



THEY RUSH SILENTLY INTO THE NIGHT.



THE PHANTOM LADY TURNS OFF HER BLACK LANTERN.



I KNOW.. COME WITH ME! YOU HAVE A CAR?

YES.



THE ANTIQUE DEALER DIRECTS PHANTOM LADY TO THE KIOLAND EMBASSY. KIOLAND, GIANT EASTERN NATION, DICTATOR TO A HOST OF TINY COUNTRIES SUCH AS HERMA...



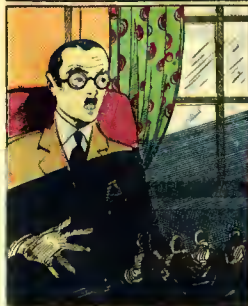
THIS WAY.. THROUGH THE BASEMENT DOOR!



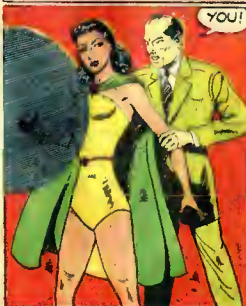
UPSTAIRS, KIOLAND'S AMBASSADOR CAREFULLY HANDLES SENATOR KNIGHT'S NETSUKES.. A GAUNT HOODED FIGURE LOOMS OVER HIM..



SUDDENLY A THICK BLACK LIGHT ENVELOPES THE TABLE..



IT IS THE PHANTOM LADY. BUT NOW, A FIRM GRIP ENCIRCLES HER ARM..



THE HOODED FIGURE STEPS LIGHTLY, DRAWS THE IDOLS INTO HIS CLOAK AND FLEES



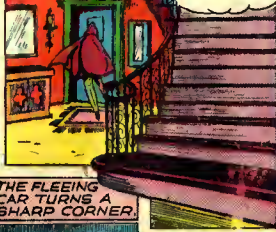
PHANTOM LADY WRENCHES
LOOSE TO FOLLOW.



SHE TURNS ON HER BLACK
HEADLIGHTS TO DARKEN
THE ROAD FOR HER
SUSPECT.



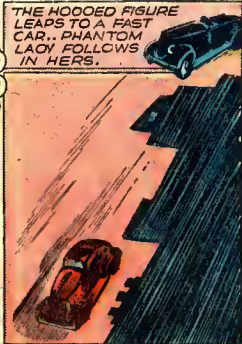
NOW I GET IT.
THE HERMESE
AMBASSADOR
WAS SPIRITED
AWAY SO KIDLAND
COULD BOSS
HERMA'S FOREIGN
POLICY... AND
KIDLAND JUST
WANTS ITS
ANCIENT
IDOLS FOR
GOOD
MEASURE!



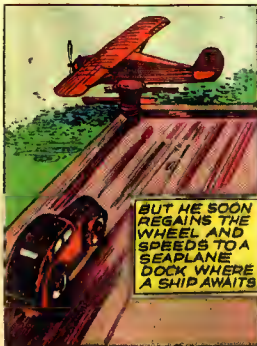
THE FLEEING
CAR TURNS A
SHARP CORNER.



THE HOODED FIGURE
LEAPS TO A FAST
CAR.. PHANTOM
LADY FOLLOWS
IN HER.



AND UNABLE TO
GAUGE DISTANCE
IN THE DARK, THE
DRIVER LOSES
CONTROL FOR
A MOMENT.



BUT HE SOON
REGAINS THE
WHEEL AND
SPEEDS TO A
SEAPLANE
DOCK WHERE
A SHIP AWAITS.



WELL, I'M
STILL BOSS.
I'LL PUT HIM
IN THE
DARK
AGAIN!

THE MAN GROPE VAINLY
THROUGH THE BLACKNESS.
SUDDENLY, HE PLUNGES
THROUGH ROTTEN DOCK
PLANKING.





SHE RIPS OFF HIS CLOAK..

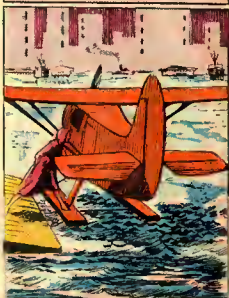
YOU! EX-NAVY MAN TODD? .. COURT-MARTIALED FOR NAVAL TREASON WITH KIOLAND TWO YEARS AGO!



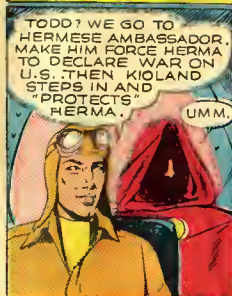
YOU CAN STAY WHERE YOU ARE. I'LL FINISH THIS JOB!



WRAPPED IN THE 'BORROWED' CLOAK, PHANTOM LADY HOPS INTO THE SEAPLANE.



THE PILOT THINKS SHE IS HIS PROPER PASSENGER.



SOON THEY ROAR OVER A FISHING SHACK OFF CAPE HATTERAS.



THE PILOT LEVELS TO A LANDING, THEN..



ALONE, PHANTOM LADY ENTERS THE HUT.



KIOLAND IS FORCING YOUR COUNTRY TO DECLARE WAR ON US. THEY SAY THAT AMERICANS MUROEREO YOU. HERMA IS BOILING TO GO TO WAR. THIS IS ONLY A TRAP TO PUT HERMA UNDER KIOLAND'S PROTECTION!

YES, I KNOW, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? IF I RETURN TO WASHINGTON, I LOSE FACE FOR BEING JUST A PUPPET OF KIOLAND'S POWER.



BROTHER, YOU'LL LOSE MORE FACE THIS WAY IF YOU DON'T GO BACK!



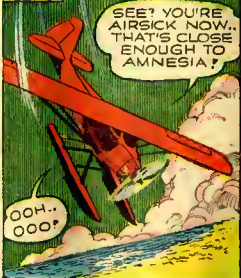
WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS AMBASSADOR DRAPEO OVER HER SHOULDERS, PHANTOM LADY RETURNS TO THE SEAPLANE...

THE AMBASSADOR COMES TO.

YOU WON'T LOSE PRESTIGE... WE'LL GIVE YOU A CASE OF AMNESIA FOR AN ALIBI.

PHANTOM LADY SWOOPS DOWN IN A BREATH-TAKING DIVE.

SEE? YOU'RE AIRSICK NOW.. THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO AMNESIA!



A HALF HOUR LATER, SHE LEAVES THE AMBASSADOR TOTTERING OIZZILY ON A WASHINGTON STREET.

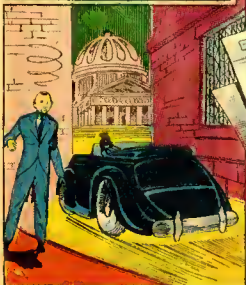
SOON AFTER

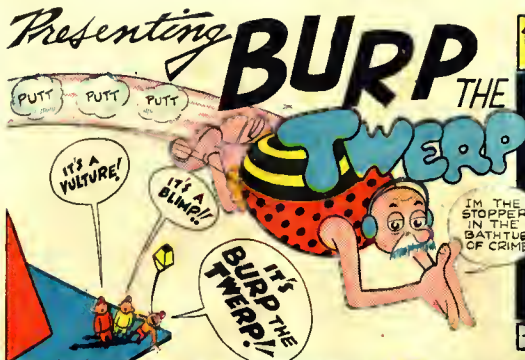


LATER, DON BORDEN MAKES A CALL.

NO WAR? SANDRA, WE CAN CELEBRATE!

HOW THRILLING! REALLY! I WAS SO BORED WITH THAT SILLY MESS!





AT THE NIGHT FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN "NUTZ700 U" AND "GIVEN TECH" ALL IS JUST TOO PEACHY UNTIL



NEXT MORNING THE SUN POPS UP REVEALING A GHASTLY CRIME!!



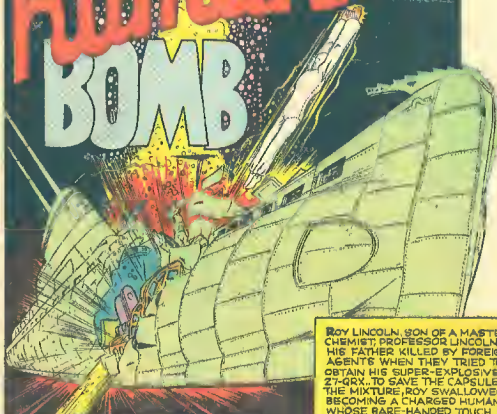
MEANWHILE, NINE BILLION MILES AWAY IS **BURP THE TWERP!**



Super Twerp appears each month in POLICE COMICS.

The human BOMB

By PAUL CARROLL

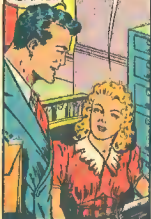


ROY LINCOLN, SON OF A MASTER CHEMIST, PROFESSOR LINCOLN, SAW HIS FATHER KILLED BY FOREIGN AGENTS WHEN THEY TRIED TO OBTAIN HIS SUPER-EXPLOSIVE, Z7-GRX.. TO SAVE THE CAPSULE OF THE MIXTURE, ROY SWALLOWED IT, BECOMING A CHARGED HUMAN, WHOSE BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION! HE IS THE HUMAN BOMB!

WE FIND ROY ENTERING THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING IN WASHINGTON D.C. WITH THE NOTES OF HIS DAD'S WORK.



ROY LINCOLN... I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MAJOR ADAMS...



OH, YES! MAJOR ADAMS IS WAITING TO SEE YOU! GO RIGHT IN!

ROY! DID YOU BRING THE NOTES OF YOUR FATHER'S EXPERIMENTS?



ALL THAT I COULD FIND IN THE RUINS!

MY HANDS WERE BURNED WHEN AD'S LABORATORY WAS WRECKED! WHY THE GLOVES? I HOPE HE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE THEM!

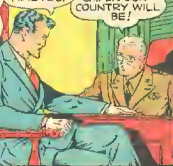




WELL...WHY I CALLED YOU IS THAT I NEED SOME 27-QRX AT ONCE, WHY...I CAN'T TELL YOU.. ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IT IS VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL SAFETY! NOW HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO MAKE SOME?



I'D SAY ABOUT TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES!



A SHORT TIME LATER, ROY AND MAJOR ADAMS ARE WALKING THROUGH THE SUB-CELLAR OF THE BUILDING WHERE THE LABORATORIES ARE SITUATED..



BEFORE WE GO INTO THE LABORATORY I WANT TO PUT THIS FORMULA ON 27QRX IN THE VAULT!



THE REST WAS MEMORIZED...NOT A BY MY DAD, BAD IDEA, AND MYSELF! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON LOSING THESE NOTES!



W-WHAT?! THE FORMULA TO THE FAMOUS 27-QRX!



AND AS THE MYSTERIOUS GUNMAN LEAVES...

HOLY CAT! I SHOULD HAVE NABBED THAT GUY, HE'S GONE AND LOCKED THE VAULT DOOR! WHAT?

MAJOR ARE YOU...

UH... I CAN'T LAST LONG, ROY. CALONA ISLAND, GET THERE... ONLY I KNOW OF IT... OUR SAFETY DEPENDS ON IT, UH... 38 DEGREES NORTH LAT...

DEAD! AND I THOUGHT I HAD PUSHED HIM ASIDE WHEN THAT RAT FIRED! CALONA ISLAND WHAT DID HE MEAN BY IT? AND HE WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT KNEW OF IT? THE GUY THAT KILLED HIM... HE'D KNOW!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY!

ROY REACHES INTO A SECRET POCKET IN HIS COAT

IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE VAULT DOOR... FOR ROY LINCOLN HAS NOW CHANGED TO THE DEADLIEST MAN ALIVE... THE HUMAN BOMB!!

PARDON ME, BOYS!

REACHING THE STREET, ROY SEES THE MYSTERIOUS ASSASSIN ROARING OFF IN A CAR...

OH-OH!

IT'S A GOOD THING I LEFT MY OWN CAR HERE!

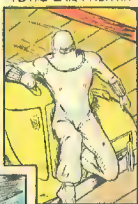
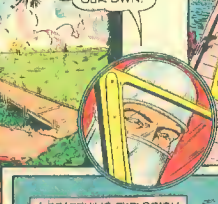
THROUGH WASHINGTON STREETS AND OUT OF THE DISTRICT LIMITS THE TWO CARS ROAR... DOWN THE DEFENSE HIGHWAY ALONG THE PATOMAC... AND FINALLY DOWN A SMALL ROAD TO A BOAT LANDING ON THE BAY...

OH-OH, HE'S GOING INTO A SPEED BOAT! SAY, WHAT'S THAT COMING UP THE BAY?

JUMPING CATFISH... A SUB... AND NOT ONE OF OUR OWN!

I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO STOP THEM! THIS ROPE SHOULD HOLD THE WHEEL!

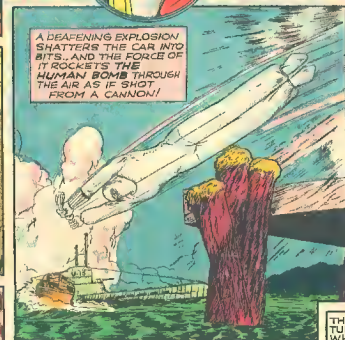
HAVING TIED THE STEERING WHEEL WITH SET THROTTLE, THE HUMAN BOMB CLIMBS TO HIS CAR FRONT...



HE REMOVES THE GLOVE ON ONE OF HIS CHARGED HANDS AND SENDS IT CRASHING INTO THE RADIATOR!

A DEAFENING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE CAR INTO BITS... AND THE FORCE OF IT ROCKETS THE HUMAN BOMB THROUGH THE AIR AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON!

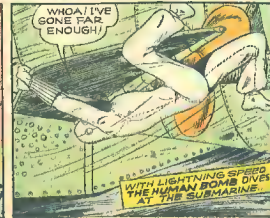
WHAT IS THIS? HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US!



THIS IS YOUR FINISH, RATS!

WHOA! I'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!

THE CAPTAIN OF THIS TUB MUST HAVE SEEN WHAT HAPPENED. HE'S GOING DOWN ALREADY! SOMETHING TELLS ME ALL THIS HAS A LOT TO DO WITH THAT CALONA ISLAND MAJOR ADAMS TOLD ME ABOUT BEFORE HE DIED!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED THE HUMAN BOMB DIVES AT THE SUBMARINE...





SEVERAL HOURS LATER.. THE SUBMARINE PULLS INTO A CAVE ON THE SIDE OF THE SUNKEN ISLAND.



CALONA ISLAND.. NOW I REMEMBER.. IT SANK ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO! HMM.. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



U-15 IS BACK.. GET READY TO MOOR HER!



VAS MAJOR! YAH! ADAMS ROLLMAN DISPOSED CAME BACK.. OFF? SO HE MUST HAVE DONE THE JOB!



GOOT.. NOW NO ONE IN AMERICA KNOWS OUR POSITION.. WHERE IS HE?



HIS BOAT EXPLODED.. HE WAS KILLED JUST BEFORE HE REACHED US!

TOO BAD! WELL THAT IS WHAT WE OF THE SUICIDE SQUADRON MUST EXPECT, TO CARRY OUT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATLANTIC SEA-PORTS! COME.. I WANT TO COMPARE SOME MAPS WITH YOU!



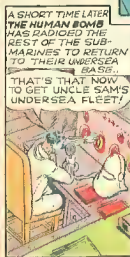
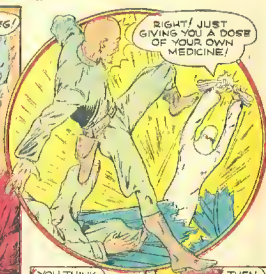
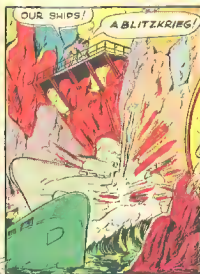
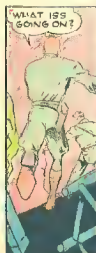
WELL, I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.. NOW TO DIVE DOWN UNDER THIS SUB, THEN..



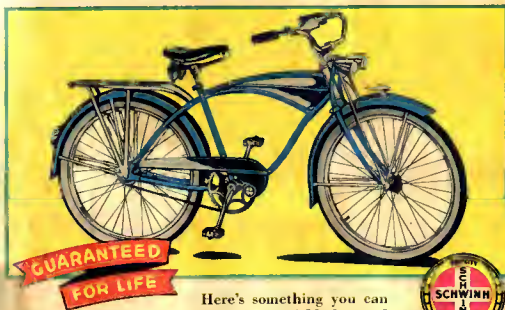
UP HE COMES LIKE A SHOT.



AND THROUGH THE SUB..



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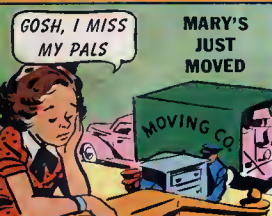
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